From the New York Knickerbocker for May.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for important occupation, and drives me to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch, and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me, and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visiters we have during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring, and of these none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true he sang occasionally throughout the day, but at these still hours his song was more remarked.—He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes free and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter, was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long, dubious voyage, the field birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most upretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visiters who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Pewit, or Pewee, or Phœbe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snow-drop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. "The Phœbe-birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering as it is pronounced by the old weatherwise people of the country the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the Blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity. But why should I attempt to describe him, when I have Wilson's own graphic verses to place him before the reader?

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the Blue bird, the herald of Spring,
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.
The loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and warm grows the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spice-wood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair;
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!
He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apples sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers, wherever they be,
And seizes the cutiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours;
The worms from the webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is in Summer a shelter.
The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow lingering school-boys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent, as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year: and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the Skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the live-long day, in that purgatory of boyhood—a school-room—it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. O how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school, nothing but holyday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:—

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merriest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.—But mark the difference! As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusty garb, and enters into the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds.

He becomes a bonvivant, a mere gourmand; thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandizing on the seeds of the long grasses on which he lately swung, and chanted so musically. He begins to think there is nothing like 'the joys of the table,' if I may be allowed to apply that convivial phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain every-day fare, and sets out on a gastronomical tour in search of foreign luxuries. He is to be found in myriads among the reeds of the Delaware, banqueting on their seeds; grows corpulent with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the ortolan. Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the *reedbird*, the much-sought-for tit-bit of the Pennsylvania epicure.

Does he take warning and reform? Not he! He wings his flight still further South, in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice swamps, filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. The last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gourmand, the most vaunted of Southern dainties, the *rice bird* of the Carolinas.

Such is the story of the once musical, admired, but finally sensual and persecuted Boblink. It contains a moral worth the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

Which is all at present, from the well-wisher of little boys and little birds,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

From the Protestant and Herald.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

"The scorn and wonder of his age," was Lord Bolingbroke. Few men have been more highly gifted by nature, or whose gifts were of less service to himself or others. To a noble person, elegant manners, and splendid genius, he united a depraved, malignant, wicked heart. Therefore, instead of employing his talents for the good of mankind, he prostituted them to the base purpose of endeavoring to undermine the Christian religion, which is the best gift of God to man.—Though he possessed an eloquent style, he was—as Burke justly observes—"a presumptuous and superficial writer;" and there ir, in reality, little in his voluminous works worth reading—except for the style. The *best* of his writings are his Letters on the study and use of History; and the worst, in all respects, are his philosophical, or Deistical Essays. I have often tried to read them, but found them so empty of all good, and, indeed, so loose and flimsy, that I could never get through them. I was forcibly reminded of Burke's exclamation—"who now reads Bolingbroke?—who ever read him through?" I never heard of but one man that did—Lord Chesterfield: he tells his son that he went through his philosophical work; but advises his son not to read it: though he recommends him almost to commit to memory his historical and political writings, on account of the beauty and eloquence of the style.

It is melancholy to see such a man as Bolingbroke, instead of being the ornament and benefactor of the world, laboring to poison the fountain of human happiness, and even attempting to invalidate the proofs of the moral character of God, and consequently all expectations of rewards and punishments, leaving the Supreme Being no other perfections than those which belong to a first cause. But his attempt, however labored, proved vain—as all such attempts ever will—equally vain as the attempt to blot the sun out of heaven. The infidel writings, which made so much noise in their day, have already gone, or will soon go, "to the family vault of all the Capulets"—and Christianity is rising on their ruins; and will soon possess the world.

S. G. W.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

I can hardly name the man whose talents were so much overrated in his own day, as Lord Chesterfield's. This may be ascribed to the eloquence of his manners, his playful wit, the pleasant style of his conversation, and to the glitter of his coronet and character; for he was, after all, a man of but superficial abilities. And though taste, I should think, was his fort, he preferred the Henriade of Voltair, to the Paradise Lost of Milton. There is nothing in his history that shows him to have been a great man; and his Letters to his Son, prove him to have been the very reverse:—"they teach (said Dr. Johnson) the *manners* of a dancing-master, and the *morals* of a w—e." Should any urge, as evidence of Chesterfield's talents, his speech upon the liberty of the press, they may be informed that this able speech, which did his Lordship so much honor, was written by Dr. Johnson; who did not even hear Chesterfield, but was merely told the side he took in the debate, and the general course of his argument; and Chesterfield deserves as little for it, as Hannibal does for the speeches which Livy puts into his mouth. Chesterfield's letters have done much injury to young men; they have helped to make many unprincipled coxcombs; but never to make a great, or a good man.

S. G. W.

RICHARD BRINDSLY SHERIDAN.

Among the splendid constellations of Orators and Statesmen that appeared in England towards the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century, one of the most brilliant was Richard Brindsly Sheridan. This constellation—such as never before appeared in that country—was led on by Chatham—after whom followed Burke, and Fox, and Pitt, and Sheridan, and Windham, and closed with Canning. I do not mention Castlereagh among them—whom I consider but a very ordinary man—nor even Brougham, who is just such a man as often appears—and whose superior it would not be difficult to find now, and in this country. But Sheridan was one of the most eloquent, and witty, and sparkling, of a magnificent *grasp*, such as never has appeared in any country. It is generally admitted, that on the trial of Warren Hastings he delivered the most eloquent speech that was ever heard in the British Senate. Burke pronounced it the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit, united, of which there was any record or memorial. Fox said all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun And even Pitt (his political opponent) acknowledged, that it far surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times; and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish, to agitate or control the human mind. Yet notwithstanding his vast and various talents, Sheridan did not close his days with honor, nor was his end peace. He wanted prudence—he lacked regular, persevering industry—and he became intemperate. Debt, embarrassment, and disgrace, followed—and "*poor old Sherry!*" became almost a proverb, and left a name—once so great and splendid—"to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

S. G. W.

THE ABBE MAURY.

The most able and intrepid antagonist in the National Assembly of France, was the Abbe Maury. Indeed, the *palm* of eloquence was by many—and I have no doubt justly—awarded to him. We cannot but admire his *boldness*, in standing up, at such a time, for the Altar and the Throne. And the respect and admiration which this commanded, even among his political enemies, perhaps saved his life. For it is said that he was at no time personally odious, even to the Jacobin mob; who, though they sometimes abused, more frequently applauded him. They believed him to be honest, and admired the boldness and ability with which he defended a sinking cause. It was he who invented the name of Sans Culottes, for the creatures "in the abused shape of the vilest of women," who took so active a part in the horrid scenes of the French Revolution. They hissed him while he was speaking. He paused and said, "Mr. President, I wish you would make those creatures, *without breeches*, behave themselves." From that time they went by the name of Sans Culottes, which became the general appellation for the whole 'Rabble Route' of the Jacobin faction. They at one time seized him and were dragging him to the lamp-post.—"Do you think (said he coolly) that when you have hung me on it, you will see any better?" This witticism so diverted them, that they let him go. The example of Maury shows that the *boldest* policy is not only the *best*, but often even the *safest*. When he saw that all efforts to save his Royal master were vain, he emigrated to Italy, where the pope conferred on him a Cardinal's hat. None of his speeches, delivered during the Revolution, have, I believe, been preserved; but we have a work of his, upon pulpit eloquence—written at an early period of his life—in a glowing and beautiful style, and with that lofty enthusiasm which is the soul of eloquence and a sure mark of genius.

S G. W.

DE SEZE.

One of the most interesting characters that appeared in the period of the French Revolution, was De Seze—the advocate for Louis the XVI. He was the most brilliant Orator of the French Bar; and selected by the unfortunate monarch to defend him, on his trial for life. Target, who had been the King's Attorney General, ignominiously refused a post so full of danger and honor, but De Seze accepted it with alacrity; though he considered it, as all his friends did, the certain prelude to his death. He first made his testamentary arrangements, and then engaged in the arduous and hopeless task of defending his Sovereign with all the ardor of a youth, emulous of fame, or eager for fortune. He defended the poor monarch before a gang of blood-thirsty butchers, bent on his destruction, with the boldness of a Leonidas or a Regulus. "I look (said he, casting an indignant glance around him)—I look for *Judges*, and see only *accusers*." It is hardly necessary to add, that his defence, able and eloquent as it was, had no effect to save his Sovereign; but it helped to consign his murderers to everlasting infamy. Their names are never now mentioned, without execration; nor the poor King's without pity. Indeed, as it regards *most* of them, even-handed justice shortly brought back the poisoned chalice to their own lips—they perished by violent deaths, inflicted by their own, or each other's hands; and the few that survived lived to lick the dust at the feet of a stern tyrant, by whom their characters were known, and cordially despised. After the execution of Louis, De Seze was thrown into prison, but escaped death, almost by miracle. After four years' painful confinement, his wife obtained his release; and he lived many years beloved and honored by all that knew him. He bore a striking resemblance in his person, manner, and mode of speaking, to Lord Erskine. They both possessed all the qualifications of the consummate Orator, "vultus, sonus, gestus; flumen gravissimorum, optimorumq: verborum."

S. G. W.

MECHANICS.

"Look at that man, driving his barouche and horses," said a whiskered dandy in Broadway;—"how can America ever arrive at distinction, when all classification of persons is thus annihilated, and the coach of your tailor runs against the wheels of your own tilbury." This is the opinion, no doubt, of many who never earned a dollar by their own industry. Bonaparte, the best judge of human nature and of merit, never visited a great painting, or a specimen of ingenuity of mechanic art, that he did not, on taking leave, walk up formally to the artist, or mechanic, or engineer, and, taking off his hat, salute him with a low and respectful bow: it was an homage due to merit, and he always paid that debt. Nothing gives me more pleasure than seeing a mechanic in his own coach—that is to say, if he drives his own coach on the actual profits of his occupation; if he mistakes the time, and begins too early, he is lost—for a mechanic who sets up his coach, and is compelled to set it down again, from a premature commencement and not understanding his position, is a poor creature indeed, and runs ahead of his business.

It is a custom, and a bad custom, in England, to look on tradesmen and mechanics as an inferior class of men, without reference to their character or wealth. This, however, grows out of the distinctions and classification of society in a monarchical government, and keeps mechanics, except in the city of London, continually under the ban, and consequently prevents their ever attaining a high rank; and we regret to add that we are tinctured a little too much in this country with the same feelings. Some of our families, accustomed to believe that there is in a mechanic something low and grovelling, prefer bringing up their sons to a profession, or in a counting house, or in a retail fancy store; and, when they come of age, they have no capital to give their children to commence business with, and they drag out a wearied and poor existence, depending on chance, and seldom attaining affluence. This is not the case with the sober, industrious mechanic: he has a business, a capital of which he cannot be deprived, and, if he possess ingenuity and enterprise, and, above all, sobriety and industry, he is very likely to attain fortune. The secret, therefore, in this republican country, is to give our sons a good education—an education suitable for any profession—and then make mechanics of part of them; because, if they are temperate, ingenious and frugal, they must make a good living, but, if these principles are engrafted on a good education, such mechanics not only become rich, but they become great.

The education which qualifies them for the bar or the bench—for the highest honors of a profession, imparts a greater value to their mechanical pursuits, and enables them to take a high rank in the political world, sustained by a powerful interest; and if we had a larger portion of mechanics in Congress than we now have, the country would repose in safety on their sagacity and intelligence. True, there are privations and inconveniences in learning and working at a mechanical business—boys must be up early and late—live hard, work hard—they must make great sacrifices of ease and comfort, for a term of years; and then they will begin to realize the good results—to taste of the good fruit—besides, what is above all price, their habits from 14 to 19 are formed in a proper and safe mould, free from indolence, vice and extravagance.

The very dandy who turned up his honorable nose at the Tailor driving his barouche and pair, was actually the son of a mechanic, and inherited a large fortune, which he does not know how to use. In a few years, he will have dissipated it in folly and extravagance, and then become a loafer, and, without knowing how to earn his bread, he will follow the meanest trade in the world—that of begging.—*N. Y. Star.*

ORIGIN OF NEW ENGLAND RUM.

The following is an extract from the last number of the North American Review. It will be read with much interest, as describing the causes which led to the manufacture of New England Rum—which for many years has been a disgrace to civilization.—*Portsmouth Jour.*

"The origin of the excessive importation of molasses into this country, and of the excessive use of distilled spirits resulting from that importation, are among the most instructive matters in our history.

"It is but little more than a century since this importation began. In the French West Indies, the sugar manufacturers used to throw away their molasses, as indeed they do to this day in the Islands of Bourbon and Java. The New Englanders, particularly in and about Boston, taking note of this circumstance, induced the French, for a trifling consideration, to preserve this residuum, and deliver it on board the colonial traders. Arrived at Boston and other ports, the adventurers entered the article free of duty, and it was then converted into New England Rum. In a few years, the business so enlarged itself that the trade was extended to the Dutch and Danish colonies. In exchange, our people gave to the Frenchmen, and others, horses and mules for their sugar mills, lumber for their houses, and fish and other property for their plantations. In 1715, a few years after the commencement of this traffic, the British Island colonies complained of it to the government, as diminishing the demand for their products, and disappointing them of their wonted supplies. Hereupon, a fierce and protracted dispute arose betwixt the Island and continental colonies, which was not terminated until 1733, when the Islands prevailed, and a duty of 6*d.* a gallon was laid on molasses, and 5*s.* per cwt. on sugars imported into the continental colonies from any foreign port or place. The penalty for violating the act was to be the forfeiture of vessel and cargo. But the New Englanders, who had disputed every inch of the passage of the act, seem never to have thought of submitting to it, after it was passed; and they continued the traffic, eluding the duties, and defying the law. A British fleet was sent to enforce it, and a state of irritation arose, in which the parties almost came to blows. In fact, this did never cease, from that time down to the Revolution; and the famous act for raising a revenue in America was called, in the language of the day, 'the sugar and molasses act.'

"The principal reasons alledged for the trade were that a large supply of rum was indispensable to the continental colonies for carrying on the Indian trade and the fisheries. These reasons have ceased. Rum has nearly finished its mission to the poor Indians; and the fishermen, we believe, generally go upon the Temperance plan. The real root of the matter was, and is, that no other people, since the world began, were ever furnished with so great a quantity of exciting liquor at so small a price. The custom-house duties in other countries either kept out molasses and rum, or admitted them on such heavy conditions that they could not be afforded in such abundance as they have been here. Ardent spirits were unknown, except as a medicine in the druggist's shop, until the cane sugar and *molasses* makers of the West Indies brought rum into the world. The taste once formed, demand increased for brandy, perry, gin and whiskey. Anderson, in his 'Origin of Commerce,' remarks: 'The consumption of rum in New England is so great, that an author on the subject asserts that there have been 20,000 bbls. of French molasses manufactured into rum at Boston in one year, so vast is the demand for liquor.' Sir William Douglass, in a work printed at Boston in 1775, tells us that 'spirits, (spirituous ardents,) not above a century ago, were used only as official cordials, but now are become an endemical plague, being a pernicious ingredient in most of our beverages.'"

FASHION.

We take the following most excellent remarks from the Newark Daily Advertiser. Good ideas, and elegantly expressed. The foolish ambition to ape the splendid miseries of the more wealthy has plunged many young women, who might have been bright ornaments in the humble domestic circle, in the very depths of degradation and ruin.

"It is an undoubted fact, that hundreds and thousands of young women, as well as young men, are ruined every year in our country by the same or similar temptations to dress and other extravagance.

"Nothing, truly, can exceed the folly of those misguided creatures who strive to be fashionable with inadequate means, and thus spend a life of drudgery, sacrifices and mortification, which Sisyphus and Tantalus would not envy. Their labor is ever renewed, their hopes continually disappointed, and, just as they fancy having touched the robe of the flying goddess, behold! she has changed her dress, and they grasp but her second-hand old clothes. They turn from the fair and refreshing face of Nature—from the attainable and wholesome pleasure of domestic life—abandon the elevating pursuits of a rational creature, to follow the steps of any one who derides their efforts, and who can scarcely be caught by those who pursue her in a coach and four.

"Many a young lady to whom, as economy is a duty, simplicity of dress would be a moral as well as personal grace, toils long and late to remodel a bonnet, or a gown, to imitate the dress of her superiors in rank and fortune, and to dash out in a costume always inappropriate and generally unbecoming—while fond and foolish mothers praised the misdirected zeal. The sacrifice of time, the growth of frivolity, the debilitating effect of petty views, petty emulations and petty devices on minds intended for nobler pursuits, are not taken into the account. Scores there are who exhaust their spirits and neglect their families to be in the fashion, fret over a curtain which is not in the mode, and purchase penury and restrictions for a year in order to give one gay party. And how many full-grown men are soured, irritated and ruined in the same pitiful and absurd pursuit.

"But it is needless to multiply examples of Fashion's fools. They are around us in all directions, of all conditions and ages, absurdly anxious about trifles, and forgetful of the emptiness of the glittering bubble they pursue. True it is, that this fickle divinity sways an almost universal sceptre; and its votaries are incessantly exposed to the bewildering fumes of her tripod. Her fantastic decrees overrule Reason and Taste, and rule the day—which begins and ends just when she pleases. Nor is she less despotic as to the dimensions of a bow or a bonnet than as to the mode of our wonder or worship Our virtues rise and fall at her command; she determines the character of our modesty; and our maidens are ready to show their arms and shoulders at her pleasure or to muffle themselves like their grandmothers. Our furniture, food, habits, are all under her control. When we travel, she points the way, and prescribes when we are ill. Devotion and benevolence, learning and patriotism, are merits or demerits, as it pleases her. Literature bows at her footstool; and Milton and Marshall grow dusty on our shelves, when she tells us to admire Marryatt."
